

The Northwest Review.

Quate
Ottawa

"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

VOL. 2.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1886.

NO. 9.

DANIEL CAREY.
Barrister, Attorney, Solicitor and Notary Public.
Commissioners for Quebec and Manitoba.
25 LOMBARD STREET WINNIPEG.

ROOMS AND BOARD.
Excellent Board and Rooms may be obtained in a good and central locality and at reasonable rates. Apply corner Notre Dame street west and Dagmar streets. W21

LOST:
On Main street or River Avenue, Fort Rouge a wolfskin robe. Liberal reward for returning same to Major Bowles.

McPHILLIPS & WILKES,
Barristers, Attorneys, Solicitors, &c.
Hargrave Block, 326 Main St.
A. G. McPHILLIPS. A. K. WILKES

DR. DUFRESNE,
Physician, Surgeon and Obstetrician.
COR. MAIN AND MARKET STS.
Opposite City Hall. Winnipeg, Man.

N. D. BECK,
(Successor to Royal & Prud'homme)
Barrister, Attorney, &c.
Solicitor for the Credit Foncier Franco-Canadien.
OFFICE NEXT BANK OF MONTREAL.

McPHILLIPS & BROS.
Dominion Land Surveyors, and Civil Engineers.
G. McPhillips, Frank McPhillips and R. C. McPhillips.
ROOM 10 BIGGS BLOCK, WINNIPEG.

MUNSON & ALLAN,
Barristers, Attorneys, Solicitors, &c.
Offices McIntyre Block, Main Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.
J. H. D. MUNSON. G. W. ALLAN

EDWARD KELLY,
STREAM AND HOT WATER HEATING,
PLUMBING AND GASFITTING,
93 Portage Avenue, - Winnipeg.
Plans, Specifications and Estimates furnished on application. P. O. Box 471.

D. HAIL LEIN!
FIRST-CLASS TAILOR AND CUTTER.
Repairing a Specialty.
Prices Most Reasonable.

45 McDermott, St., Winnipeg

F. MARIAGGI, Chef de Cuisine.
RESTAURANT FRANCAIS,
A LA CARTE,
316 Main Street, - - Winnipeg.
DINNER FROM 12 TO 2, 35 CENTS.
CATERING FOR PRIVATE PARTIES.
MARIAGGI & MARIAGGI, Prop's.

FOR CHOICE CUT MEATS
AND
GAME IN SEASON
ATRONIZ
PENROSE & ROCANI!
289 Main Street.
Where you will find the largest supply in the city and secure prompt delivery.

M. CONWAY
General Auctioneer and Valuator
Rooms Cor Main & Portage Ave.

Sales of Furniture, Horses' Implements &c., every Friday at 2 p.m. Country Sales of Farm Stock, &c., promptly attended to. Cash advanced on consignments of goods. Terms liberal and all business strictly confidential.

GEROUX & CONNOLLY.
BUTCHERS.
have resumed business with a large and choice stock of

MEATS, GAME, POULTRY,
— AT —
343 MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG,
OPP. POTTER HOUSE.

AT A call respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

THE SILVER LINING.

There's never a day so sunny
But a little cloud appears;
There's never a life so happy
But has its times of tears;
Yet the sun shines on the brighter
Whenever the tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing
With roses in every plot;
There's never a heart so hardened
But it has one tender spot;
We have only to prune the boarder
To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a sun that rises
But we know it 'twill set at night;
The tints that gleam in the morning
At evening are just as bright.
And the hour that is the sweetest
Is between the dark and light.

There's never a dream so happy
But the waking makes us sad;
There's never a dream of sorrow
But the waking makes us glad;
We shall look some day with wonder
At the troubles we have had.

THE POOR GENTLEMAN.

CHAPTER I.

"I could never expect that you would return what I might lend," said the notary, contemptuously; "and so it is an alms you ask of me?"

Poor De Vlierbeck trembled on his chair and became pale as ashes; his eyes flashed wildly and his brow knotted with frowns. Yet he quickly curbed the unwonted agitation, bowed his head, and sighed, resignedly, "Alms! Alas! so be it! let me drink the very dregs of this bitter cup: it is for my child!"

The notary went to a drawer and took from it some five franc-pieces, which he offered to his visitor. It is difficult to say whether the poor gentleman was wounded by the actual receipt of charity, or whether the sum was too small to be useful; but, without touching the money, he glanced angrily at the silver and fell back on his chair, covering his face with his hands.

Just at this moment a servant entered, announcing another visitor; and, as soon as the lackey left the apartment, Monsieur De Vlierbeck sprang from his chair, dashing away the tears that had gathered in his eyes. The notary pointed to the money, which he laid on the corner of the table; but the mortified guest turned away his head with a gesture of repugnant refusal.

"Pardon my boldness, sir," said he, "but I have now only one favor to ask of you

"And it is—?"

"That you will keep my secret for my daughter's sake."

Oh, as to that, make yourself easy. You know me well enough to be aware of my discretion. Do you decline this trifling aid?"

"Thanks! thanks!" cried the gentleman, pushing away the notary's hand, and trembling as if seized by a sudden chill, he rushed from the room and the house without waiting for the servant to open the door. Utterly overcome by the terrible blow at his hopes, beside himself with mortification, with his head hanging on his bosom and his eyes bent staringly on the ground, the poor fellow ran about the streets for a considerable length of time without knowing what he was about or whether he was going. At length the stern conviction of want and duty partially aroused him from his feverish dream, and he walked on rapidly in the direction of the gate of Borgenhout, till he found himself entirely alone among the fortifications.

He had no sooner reached this solitary quarter than a terrible conflict seems to begin within him; his lips quivered and muttered incoherently, while his face exhibited a thousand different expressions of suffering, shame, and hope. After a while he drew forth from his pocket the golden snuff-box, looked long and sadly on the armorial engraving that adorned it, and then fell into a reverie, from which he suddenly aroused himself as of about a solemn resolution. With his eyes intently fixed on the box he began to obliterate the arms with his knife, as he murmured, in a voice of tremulous emotion,—

"Remembrancer of my dear and excellent mother, protecting talisman that has so long concealed my misery and which I invoked as a sacred shield whenever poverty was on the eve of betraying me, last fragment of my ancestry, I must bid thee farewell; and—alas! alas!

—my own hand must provoke and destroy thee! God grant that the last service thou wilt ever render me may save us from overwhelming humiliation!" A tear trickled down his wan cheek as his voice became still; but he went on with his task of obliteration till every trace of the crest and shield disappeared from the emblazoned lid. After this he returned to the heart of the town and lonely streets, glancing eagerly, but askance, at the signs as he passed onwards in his agitation.

An hour had certainly elapsed in his bootless wandering, when he entered a narrow lane in the quarter of Saint Andre and uttered a sudden cry of joy as he caught a glimpse of the object for which he was in search. His eyes lighted on a sign which bore the simple but ominous inscription—"Sworn Pawnbroker." He passed by the door and walked rapidly to the top of the lane, then, turning hastily, he retraced his step, hastening or lingering as he noticed any one passing in his neighborhood, till at length he crept along the wall to the door, and, seeing the thoroughfare almost empty, rushed into the house and disappeared.

After a considerable time De Vlierbeck came forth from the money-lender's and quickly gained another street. There was a slight expression of satisfaction in his eyes; but the bright blush that suffused his haggard cheeks gave token of the new humiliation through which the sufferer had passed. Walking rapidly from street to street, he soon reached a pastry-cook's, where he filled a basket with a stuffed turkey, a pie, preserves, and various other smaller equipments for the table, and, paying for his purchases, told the cook that he would send his servant for the packages. Farther on he bought a couple of silver spoons and a pair of earrings from a jeweller, and then proceeded on his way, probably to make additional acquisitions for the proposed entertainment.

CHAPTER II.

In our wild and thorny region of the North a brave and toilsome peasantry have long been engaged in victorious conflict with the barred sleep to which nature seemed to have condemned the soil. They have stirred up the sterile depths and watered them with their sweat; they have summoned science and industry to their aid, drained marshes, diverted the streamlets that descended toward the Meuse from the highlands and put them in circulation through innumerable arteries to fatten and enrich the land. What a glorious fight it was of man against matter! What a magnificent triumph it has been to convert the unthrifty Campine into a fruitful and luxurious region! Indeed, our descendants will hardly believe their own eyes when in future times they shall behold grass-covered plains, flowery meadows, and fields waving with grain, where the lingering patriarchs of our day may point out the sites of burning sand-pits and barren moors!

North of the city of Antwerp, toward the frontiers of Holland, there are but few traces of this gradual improvement. It is only along highroads that the traveller begins to observe the effect of liberal agriculture on the sandy soil, while, farther on toward the heart of the region, everything is still bare and uncultivated. As far as the eye can penetrate, nothing is to be seen in that quarter but arid plains thinly covered with stunted vegetation, while the horizon is bounded by that blue and cloudy line which always marks the limit of a desert. Yet, as we journey over these vast spaces, it is impossible not to observe, from time to time, that a clear and slender rivulet meanders here and there over the moor, and that its verdant banks are studded with vigorous plants and thrifty trees; while in many places the hardy sons of toil who took advantage of the neighboring water, have opened their lonely farms, built comfortable houses, and frequently gathered themselves together in neat and thrifty villages.

In one of these spots, where meadowland and pasture have made agriculture profitable, and by the side of an unfrequented road, there is a farm of considerable size and value. The massive trees which spread their thick shade on every side attest that the spot has been

occupied and cultivated for many generations. Besides, the ditches which surround it, and the stone bridge that leads to the principal gate, justify the belief that the estate has some right to be considered a lordly demesne. In the neighborhood it is known as Grinselhof. The entire front of the property is covered by the homestead of the farmer, comprising his stables and granges; so that, in fact, everything in their rear is concealed by these edifices as well as by dense thickets and hedges which are growing in all the wild luxuriance of nature. Indeed, the dwelling of the proprietor was a mystery even to the farmer who worked the soil; for its surrounding cypresses were an impenetrable veil to his eyes, beyond which neither he nor his family were ever allowed past without special permission.

Within this lonely and sacred precinct, buried in foliage, was a large house, called The Chateau, inhabited by a gentleman and his daughter, who, without a single servant, companion, or attendant, led the lonely lives of hermits. The neighbors said that it was avarice or ill-humor that induced a person possessed of so beautiful an estate to bury himself in such solitude. The farmer who worked on the property carefully avoided all explanations as to the conduct or purpose of the proprietor, and fancies of his master. His business prospered; for the soil was fertile and the rent low. Indeed, he was grateful to his landlord, and, every Sunday, lent him a horse, which carried him and his daughter, in their weather-beaten "caleche," to the village church. On great occasions the farmer's son performed the duty of lackey for the proprietor.

It is an afternoon of one of the last days of July. The sun has nearly finished his daily course, and is declining rapidly toward the horizon; still, his rays, though less ardent than at noontide, are hot enough to make the air close and stifling. At Grinselhof the last beams of the setting luminary play gayly over the foliage, gilding the tree tops with sparkling light, while, on the eastern side of the dense foliage, the long, broad shadows begin to fall athwart the sward, and prepare the groves for the gentle and refreshing breeze that springs up at twilight.

Sadness and gloom hang over the sombre chateau and its grounds; a deathlike silence weighs like a gravestone on the desolate scene; the birds are songless; the wind is still; not a leaf stirs; and light alone seems to be living in that dreary solitude. No one could observe the entire absence of noise, motion, and vitality, without being impressed with the idea that nature had been suddenly plunged in a deep and magic sleep.

Suddenly the foliage at the end of a thicket in the distance is seen to stir, while a cloud of twittering birds, frightened from the herbage, flies rapidly across the little path, which is immediately occupied by a young female dressed entirely in white, who dashes from between the branches with a silken net in pursuit of a butterfly. The beautiful apparition, with loose and streaming hair, seemed rather to fly than run, as her light and rapid steps, full of eagerness and animation, scarcely touched the earth while darting after the gaudy insect. How graceful she is, as, halting for an instant beneath the coquettish moth, she looks up to behold its gold-and-purple wings dancing round her head, mocking and playing with its gay pursuer! She thinks she has caught it; but, alas! the edge of her net only touched the butterfly's wings, and away it dashes, over hedge and copse, far, far beyond her reach. How beautiful she is, as, in that golden light, warmed with exercise and excitement, her eyes glistening, her lips parted, her graceful arms stretched upward, she stands gazing, half pleased, half disappointed, after the departing insect, till it is lost in the evening sky. Wind and sunshine have slightly tanned her delicate cheeks, but their roses are only heightened into the glow of perfect health. Beneath her high and polished brow, coal-black eyes shine through long and silken fringes, while a chiselled mouth discloses rows of faultless pearls between lips which shame the coral. Her stately head is framed in masses of

long, curling hair; and, as the locks are floated over her ivory shoulders by rapid motion, the proud and arching lines of her swan like neck are fully displayed in all their splendor. Her form is lithe and supple, and its graceful contour is modestly marked by a snowy dress. As she lifts her head and gazes at the sky, a poet might easily fancy her to be some fanciful "being of the air," and convert her into the fairy queen of the solitary realm.

For a long while this beautiful woman wandered about the paths of the lonely garden, seemingly absorbed in reveries of various kinds. At times she was gay, at times sad. At length she approached a bed of violets, which, from the training of the plants, had evidently been carefully tended, and, observing that they languished under the intense heat of the past day, began to grieve over them.

"Alas, my dear little flowers, why did I neglect to water you yesterday? You are very thirsty, are you not, my charming pets?"

For a moment or two she was quiet, still gazing at the violets, and then continued, in the same dreamy tone:—"But then, alas! since yesterday my mind has been so disturbed, so happy, so—" Her eyes fell and blushed crimsoned her cheeks, as she murmured, softly, "Gustave!" Motionless as a statue, and absorbed in her enchanting dream, she forgot the poor little violets, and probably, the whole world.

"His image ever, ever before me! his voice ringing in my ear! Why try to escape their fascination? Oh, God! what is this that is passing within me! My heart trembles; sometimes my blood bounds wildly through my veins, and again it creeps and freezes; and yet how happy I am! what inexpressible joy fills my very soul!"

She was silent; then, seeming suddenly to rouse herself, she raised her head and threw back the thick curls, as if anxious to disembarass her mind of a haunting thought.

"Wait, my dear flowers," said she smiling, to the violets; "wait a moment; I will comfort and refresh you."

With this she disappeared in the grove, and, in a short time, brought from it a few twigs and leaves, which she arranged in a little trellis over the flower-beds, so as to shadow the violets completely from the sun. After this she took a small watering-pot and ran across the grass to a basin or tank in the middle of the garden, around which a number of weeping-willows drooped their branches into the water. On her arrival its surface was perfectly smooth; but hardly had her image been reflected in the tank when it appeared to swarm with living creatures. Hundred of gold-fishes, of all colours, swam toward her with their mouths gaping from the water, as if the poor little animals were trying to speak to her. Holding on by the trunk of the nearest willow, she bent gracefully over the pond and tried to fill her water-pot without touching the gold-fish.

But the fish fluttered around the water-pot until she withdrew it from the tank; and, even after her departure, continued to crowd towards the bank she had touched with her foot.

The young lady watered her flowers and replaced the pot gently on the ground, then, retiring slowly to the solitary house, she returned after a while at the same slow pace, throwing some crumbs to the fish, began to saunter slowly about the garden-paths, inattentive to every thing but her own absorbing thoughts. At length she reached a spot where a gigantic catalpa-tree over-arched the garden and bent its branches almost to the earth. A table and a couple of chairs stood beneath the fresh and fragrant shade, and a book, inkstand, and embroidery-frame, gave token that the retreat had not long been abandoned by the lady herself. She seated herself in one of the chairs, took up the book, then the embroidery, and then fell one after the another, and finally leaned her beautiful head on her hand, like one who is weary in spirit and anxious for rest.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A knot of students were amusing themselves finding out crambos; one said he did not think it possible to find a word to rhyme with "Timbuctoo" when a campaign instantly found out this couplet;
"If I were a cassowary on the plains of Timbuctoo
I would eat a missionary, skin and bones, and hymn-book too."